

women for the higher duties of life. We shall do special work in this century to foster higher education among girls. In traveling one sometimes finds a community in which the young men are away at school while their sisters are at home with the parents. The mistake is apparent. If woman is to be a real companion for man, the sisters must also attend school. Nor can she be the best mother without that broader knowledge that Christian education will give. In this century she will thoroughly educate herself for her home and church duties.

Since the home is woman's first, tho not her only place, it is here, by promoting pure home life, where she will work the greatest change the next ten years. This need is especially felt in places where there is no W. C. T. U. organization, as their meeting have been helpful to many poor mothers in their home difficulties and perplexities. In communities not having any W. C. T. U. organization this all important teaching should be given at the sister's meeting. More might be said but this will suggest the new line of work that belongs to the S. S. C. E. of the twentieth century.

May I yet ask for space to speak of the church work our sisters will do in the new century. While woman's place is in the home she should also be found in the ranks of church workers. Here she will continue in her work and do more. She will be in her place at all church services and in leading meetings. Because the S. S. C. E. worker will be systematic in her church work, she will be enabled to go into a neighborhood where poverty, squalor and misery reign and quickly but quietly transform their dwellings into real homes. She will work for souls as zealously as her pastor and this zeal will be felt in every mission field—home and foreign.

Nor will the good accomplished by the S. S. C. E. fund, be out of keeping with her other works. The Bible department will find its full support from the S. S. C. E. fund. As the number of superannuated ministers increase, this fund will likewise grow. She will not withdraw her regular contributions to the General Mission Board, but when their funds are low, she, as the ministering angel, will come to the rescue. Before half this century is gone we shall look back and say,—

"Behold what hath God wrought,
What great things hath He done;
Thru the S. S. C. E., on land and sea,
Great movements are begun.

TO THE SISTERS OF THE S. S. C. E.

LAURA E. N. HEDRICK

A happy new year to you all. A new century's greetings to you. It seems to me when I look back over the past, the happy years of my childhood, my girlhood days in the schoolroom, then the busy years of teaching, then the years in the ministry and the work of the S. S. C. E. that I have lived a long, long time, but now for the first time I can extend to any one the greetings of a

new century. And in fancy I visit again the scenes and places I visited in the past, and look again into your dear faces, some of them so sweet and placid, crowned with the silver of age, and showing lines of care and sorrow which Time's plow has furrowed there, it seems to me that many years have crossed the golden bridges of the present, and winged their flight into the shadowy past, since you entered upon the present life, and yet this is the first time that you have listened to the bells ringing in a new century.

But a sadder thought comes to me. Never again will we stand where we do today. Never again will we listen to the bells ringing out the old century and ringing in the new. Standing as we now do, on the dividing line between two centuries, it is fitting that we take a retrospective and a prospective view. The closing years of the nineteenth century have been to us full of varied experiences. There have been sunshine and shadow, encouragements and discouragements, victories and defeats, successes and failures. The pathway we have trod has led us sometimes over mountains that were high, over byways that were rugged, thru valleys that were deep, around curves that were sharp, thru waters that were chilly. We have listened to the first cry of the infant, and the last moan of dying old age. We have wreathed flowers round the cradle, the altar and the tomb. And we who "know not what a day may bring forth" may well wonder into what strange and new paths we shall be led in this new century. Happy for us dear sisters, if we can walk every step of the way with our faith directed to a present God, and our eyes ever looking into that covenant of God which is a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our pathway."

In the strange and new perplexities that come to us, when financially, socially and spiritually, the days shall form a very labyrinth and maze about us, when with earnest purpose in our heart and noble desires for the right, we shall be sorely perplexed to know what is best, when our own wisdom is short-sighted, and the wisdom of those about us is only as the blind leading the blind; Happy for us if we can make the scriptures the man of our counsel, "Show me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths."

"O shew me now thy way,
And let me walk therein;
Forbid that I should ever stray,
And fail my crown to win."
With our wills lost in his will,
May we ever say
"Lord, I would put my hand in Thine,
And never murmur or repine.
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
It is Thy hand that leadeth me."

Standing today at the threshold of this new century, looking into the future prospectively, we wonder what new duties, what new opportunities, what new responsibilities it will bring to us. What joys and pleasures await us? Doubtless life will be an admixture of joy and sorrow as in the past. Sorrows, afflictions and temptations will come to us as in the century just gone. Happy

for us if we have formed a continual habit of depending upon God so that our lives are rooted and grounded in the life of God. If we grow up into him in times that are calm, we shall not fall in the day of tempest and storm.

One thing we know,—that this new century will witness the closing of your life and mine. One by one the golden links will be broken. One by one the flowers will be plucked from the garland. One by one we shall pass thru the portals of death. One by one we shall launch out upon the flowing tide, cross the mystic stream to reach the other side,—the eternal beyond. Shall it be to meet again the loved ones who have departed to be with God?

"Will anyone then at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

Shall it be to stand and gaze full upon the face of our dear Redeemer and be like him?

"I shall see Him, I shall know Him
By the prints of the nails in His hands."

Shall it be to enter into and take possession of that inheritance, incorruptable, undefiled, that fadeth not away?

"Some one will enter the pearly gate,
By and by, By and by;
Taste of the glories that there await,
Shall you? Shall I?
Some one will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold,
Shall you? Shall I?"

A New Day

MARGARET A. SANGSTER

Here's a new day, blessed Jesus,
Wilt Thou take it for Thine own?
In its hours may I serve Thee,
Looking over to the throne?

Keep me in the strong temptation
That I may not fall away,
Be Thy love my full salvation
From satanic wiles today!

Hold me safe in sudden trial,
Let me know Thy presence near;
Give me grace for self-denial,
Present blessing, Savior dear!

Wholly Thine, my blessed Master,
Wholly Thine, in word or rest,
This day, all days, till the last one
When I lean me on Thy breast!

Missions

The Missionary Martyrs

EDWARD N. POMEROY

O ye who joined but yesterday
The holy martyr throng,
Ye wear your crowns serene as they
Whose brows have borne them long.

We know not what indignity
Ye suffered ere the last;
We know He bore you company
While thru the flame you passed.

We ask not shaft to mark the place
Where earth received her trust;
We ask instead that flowers of grace
May blossom from your dust.

Our heads are bowed, our eyes are dim,
Our hearts are rent with pain;
But ye who dared and died for Him
Nor dared nor died in vain.

—The Independent.